AN

HYMN

ON

Chriſt's Nativity,

AND

Man's Redemption.

By *TIMOTHY HARRIS.*

——————— *Omnis in uno*
Noſtra Salus poſita eſt. OVID.
Unum pro multis dabitur Caput. VIRG.

This HYMN is moſt humbly Inſcrib'd and Dedicated to the Right Honourable *Thomas* Lord *Parker*, Viſcount *Ewelm*, and Earl of *Macclesfield*, Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

LONDON; Printed for the AUTHOR, 1722.

AN

HYMN

TO

CHRISTS NATIVITY.

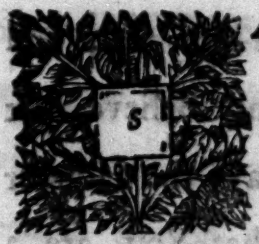
AND

DEDICATION.

MY LORD,

THE DEDICATION.

MY LORD,



Annazarius and *Rapin*, two Celebrated Authors, having employ'd their Fancies on Christian Subjects in *Latin* Hexametre, in a very fair Imitation of *Virgil's* Language, I thought it no improper Exercise for me, a Protestan Pen, (and at that Time a Prisoner on the Account of Debt)

to

to take in the whole Compaſs of Man's Redemption by Chriſt, as a Subject better deſerving an Hymn of Praiſe, than any in the Odes of *Pindar*, *Anacreon*, or *Horace*.

Upon this foot, and due Senſe of Chriſtianity, I have ventur'd to put ſome of the Fundamentals of the Goſpel-Inſtitution, into the dreſs of Humanity-Learning; uſing Poetry in this Caſe, as Cathedrals do Divine Muſick, not only to draw the Attention, but ſo to temper Seriouſneſs with Spiritual Melody, as to ſtrike the Paſſions of the Soul, with the agreeable Harmony of both Sound and Senſe.

Give me leave therefore, My Good Lord, to Addreſs this Piece of Poetry to your Inſpection; and my real, and chiefeſt Reaſon for ſo doing, is, that I not only Believe, but am well Aſſur'd in common with all who have the Honour and Happineſs to know your Lordſhip, that You are a Compleat Maſter, both in Moral Hiſtory, and Divine Theology.

My

My LORD,

I know that Hymns uſually riſe into a Pindarick Strain; And though that of *Callimachus* to the Creator, which partly gave Birth to This, appears wonderfully Noble in that Dreſs, yet as that Author directs Himſelf to imaginary Deities in Heroick, ſo I deſire that his Authority may juſtify both my Metre, and Divine Subject: For if a *Greek* Heathen cou'd pay the Honours of his Pen to *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, and *Diana*, (the meer Creatures of Fanciful Brains) ſure then as I am a Chriſtian, and in a Kingdom too where Reveal'd Religion is profeſs'd in Purity and Truth, under ſo Diſtinguiſh'd a Royal Pattern of it on the Throne as His Sacred Majeſty King GEORGE, and His Illuſtrious Family; ſurely then, I ſay, that You My Lord, and the Devout Part of the Nation, will allow me, though but a Layman, to Celebrate the Second Perſon of the Trinity (God the Meſſiah!) who hath Redeemed Me, and All Mankind!

And again, My Lord, if the Style is a little Elevated to the pitch of *Longinus*, which he recommends as proper for Sublime Subjects, tis then here now owing to the Dignity and Sacredneſs of the Character Repreſented: For who can think of his Redeemer without a lofty Strain of Gratitude and Love? Or who can draw ſuch a Glorious Hiſtory, as Chriſt his Life is, from his Cradle in a Manger, to his Exaltation into Glory, without being exalted himſelf, both in Thought, and in Expreſſion? And though ſuch a Draught adds no new Diſcovery to the Reader, becauſe every common Eye may Run and Read the ſame Demonſtration of the Spirit in the Language of Holy Writ, yet with Your Lordſhip's Sanction, it may give a hint to the Men of Poetical Genij, that a Scheme drawn upon a Scriptural Bottom, is as capable of Poetry, as any of the Fabulous Romances of the Heathens of Old. This may in ſome meaſure remedy the common Abſurdity of *Engliſh* Poets, who like Popiſh Miſſionaries in *China*, blend Chriſtianity with Paganiſm, and

run

run greedily after Whimsical Stories of *Greece* and *Rome*, when they may be better furnish'd from either Old or New Testaments at Home.

My LORD,

I conclude this my humble Dedication, with my Dutiful Thanks for all Benefits receiv'd from your Noble, Liberal Hand; the which lay me at this Time under an immediate Obligation, to Subscribe my self with all due Regard,

Your LORDSHIP's,

Most Humble, Thankful,

And Most Obedient Servant to Command,

Timothy Harris.

To the Right Honourable
THE EARL of
Tefiamers at Home.

MY LORD,

I conclude this my humble Dedication, with my Dutiful Thanks for all Benefits receiv'd from your Noble, Liberal Hand; the which lay me at this Time under an immediate Obligation, to Subscribe my self with all due Regard,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most Humble, &c.

Timothy Harris

AN

HYMN

TO

The REDEEMER, *&c.*

A Ngelick Hoſt! in Form and Eſſence bright,
Bleſs'd with the Viſions of Eternal ~~Light~~ Light,
Whoſe active Troops at Heav'ns Pavillion [ſtand,
The ſwift Performers of Divine Command;
Whoſe Tongues, inſpir'd from Truth and Power above,
Proclaim'd the Voice of Glory, Peace, and Love;
To introduce the World's Redeemer's Birth,
Whoſe Preſence fill'd and ſav'd the long expecting Earth:

Ye Heralds, quick as Flame, as Day Serene,
Descend from Orbs of Joy, to Earthly Scene;
That Earthly Scene where your Great Ruler dwelt,
Full thirty rolling Years, and Torture felt;
Leaving the Bosom of eternal Joy,
To save God's Image, Man; and Hell destroy:
'Tis Angels Work to guide a Mortal's Tongue;
'Tis Angels Joy to chaunt immortal Song.

II.

Tell how the Heav'nly Breath, in hov'ring Shade,
With Genial Pow'r, and Energy display'd,
A Virgin-Mother, and *A* God Incarnate made!
The same Prolifick Breath, whose virtual Blast
O'er th' Ocean's Face, *A* moving Mantle cast,
Whilst shapeless Matter work'd in Seeds of Strife,
And indigested Causes strove for Life.
Tell, how the Manhood in the Godhead join,
Erect in Human Form, yet half Divine:

How

How th' Infinite in Space and Figure lay,
An Uncreated God compriz'd in Clay!
Like Soul and Body interwove in one,
Eternal Substance, yet Begotten Son,
The Father full expres'd, in Filial Brightness shone!
Great Light of Light, from whose Creative Hands
The World's Machine in glorious Order stands;
Whom God's Authentick Oracles declare,
In Times accomplish'd Race, the Universal Heir.

III.

Tell, how the Brightest of the Cæsars Reign'd,
And Learning's Flood at highest Tide maintain'd;
Within the stretch of whose Imperial Sway,
The God-like Infant in a Manger lay,
Whose Birth, Increase, and Growth by strange Surprize,
Like his own Work, the World's Creation, rise
From humble low Beginnings, to a wond'rous Size:

'Twas

'Twas then the World in full expectance lay,
To see the Eastern Star, great *Shiloh*'s Day;
To hear the Dictates of that healing Tongue,
Where the glad Tidings of Salvation hung:
Oh! How the Babe in Grace and Stature grew,
And comprehensive scope of Wisdom drew:
God's Inoffensive Lamb, exempt from Sin,
Spotless without, and Innocent within!
For, can th' Almighty Imperfection know?
Can Stains of Guilt in purest Essence grow?
Can Turpitude the clearest Light efface,
That sheds such Beams of Glory, Truth, and Grace?

IV.

Tell, how the Baptist, Harbinger of Day,
Like the bright Morning Star, prepar'd *Messiah*'s Way;
Surprizing Hints, as glympse of Joy disclos'd,
Till brighter Sun in perfect Beauty 'rose,

Whose

Whose Rays of Truth, like harmless Lightning flew,
Flash'd on the Conscience, and Conviction drew,
Lightn'd the *Gentile*, and amaz'd the *Jew*!

Tell, how the Systems of the Christian Rules,
Untaught, unheard in Philolophick Schools,
Melted the Stubborn, and confirm'd the Weak,
Charm'd the deaf Adder, and convinc'd the *Greek*:
For Truth, no longer wrapt in Types and Dreams,
Shot forth on Humane Soul, in brightest Beams,
Th' Eternal WORD, who FIAT gave to Light,
When Chaos lay confus'd in ancient Night;
The Myst'ry, hid from former Ages, broke,
Silenc'd Hell's Language, and a Gospel spoke;
Religion's Face in truest Form appear'd,
Mankind obey'd in Faith, in Practice fear'd.

So, when thick Clouds o'erspread the lowring Skies,
And Nature's Face in Veils and Shadows lies,

A precious Light'ning flash the Welkin breaks,
Then Thunder's Voice in awful Language speaks;
Whose loud Command the Darkness drives away,
Opens fresh Scenes, and re-admits the Day:
The Sun collected stands in ample Might,
And strikes new Paths of clear Ætherial Light,
Pursues a glorious Course, and triumphs o'er the Night.

V.

Tell, how the Gospel, like the trav'lling Sun,
Refresh'd and brighten'd Regions as it run;
How piercing Truths a train of Conquest made.
And Christian Laws o'er Heathen Realms display'd:
How the good Seed, in barren Regions shed,
A thri ing Tree in height and compass spread;
Rooted in Patience, like the Palm, it drew
Strength from Oppression, and the taller grew;
And still supply'd with dying Martyrs Blood,
Shot larger Branches, and in Vigour stood.

Laugh

Laugh at the Fable of *Orphean* Strains,
The wild Romances of Poetick Brains,
Of Savage Tygers tam'd by Muſick's ſoft'ning Chains:
Tell how the World, with Goſpel-Charms endu'd,
The Monſter-Paſſions of the World ſubdu'd,
And *Adam*'s broken Stamp on Humane Soul renew'd!

VI.

Tell, how the Lectures of the Sacred Book,
Brought Reaſon Captive to the eaſy Yoke;
How plaineſt Truths in ancient Beauty fine,
Without the dreſs of Oratory, ſhine,
And prove the Work and Pen-men all Divine.

Tell, how the force of Evangelick Laws,
Made *Felix* tremble, and a *Feſtus* awes:
And when you would Man's boaſted Learning ſhame,
To raiſe the Chriſtian Scheme to higher Fame;

Tell,

Tell, how the Poor, from Nets and Anchors brought,
From East and West this great Converſion wrought,
And multitudes of Soul's in Truth's ſoft Net-work caught.

Hear, O' ye Maſters of *Athenian* Wit,
Ye *Jewiſh* Doctors that in Council ſit,
Deep read in Queſtions and *Hebraick* Skill,
How the plain Lines of God's eſtabliſh'd Will,
The vain Sophiſtick Cant of *Greece* o'er-rul'd,
And *Rabbins* Cabaliſtick Learning fool'd:
Bluſh with Confuſion, and to Truth ſubmit,
Enroll'd in Golden Leaves of Goſpel-Wit,
Where Babes and Sucklings Mouth a Language ſpeaks,
Too hard for *Hebrews*, and too plain for *Greeks*.

IV.

Tell, how the Leader of the Chriſtian Cauſe,
With practick Life enforc'd the Goſpel-Laws;

How

How a large Choir of lovely Virtues ſhed
Ambroſial Sweetneſs o'er the Prophets Head,
Whilſt the well pleaſing Son, Paternal Orders ſpread!

Patience ſubmiſſive to inſulting Fate,
And Meekneſs unprovok'd by *Jewiſh* Hate;
Filial Obedience and reſign'd Content,
Life's painful Track in lowly Paces went;
Temp'rance ſerenely Smil'd, and Mercy's Face
Diſplaying Goodneſs with Celeſtial Grace;
Juſtice extenſive to the World's wide Land,
Diſperſing Bounties with impartial Hand;
Kind Charity in ſecret Channels ſpread,
Maintaining Life, by Life's ſupporter, Bread;
And Love unfeign'd, with tender Bowels bleſt,
(A Grace ſurviving in Eternal Reſt)
All hung, like Diamonds, on our Saviour's Breaſt.

VIII.

Tell, how the Gospel-Patent, sign'd above,
Bearing Commission from Eternal Love,
Credential Seals, from Miracles receiv'd,
Which struck Authentick Stamps on Truths believ'd,
And Wretches, chain'd with Sin and Maladies, reliev'd.

O! Tell with wonder, tell how Water, flush'd
With sudden heat, in borrow'd Beauty blush'd,
Owning the Virtue and the Power Divine,
That spoke Fair Water into real Wine;
A Liquor which in after Ages stood
The Sacramental Sign o'th' Founder's Blood.

O thou Impostor! Whose *Arabian* Lies,
The Vines strong Blood to Mussul-men denies,
As if confounded and asham'd to see,
The First bright Proof of Christ's Divinity;
Where true inimitable Wonders shone
In much Diviner Colours than thy own;

Such

Such pow'rful Strokes of God-like Force produce,
Change Nature's Face in metamorphos'd Juyce?
Or own the Credit of thy Miſſion loſt,
And ſtrike the Silver Creſcent to the Croſs;
That Croſs, whoſe Form on Skies nice Tap'ſtry wrought,
Propitious hung, as Stambouls Founder fought,
And conqu'ring Signs in ſhining Letters taught.

IX.

Ye Airy Spirits, that attend on high,
Fulfil God's Orders, and direct the Sky,
Tell how the treaſur'd Winds, that ſweep the Sea,
In bluſt'ring Noiſe, a ſtronger Voice obey;
How one Almighty! ſtill becalm'd the Deep,
And huſh'd tempeſtuous Hurricanes aſleep:
How ſcanty Food, on graſſy Tables ſpread,
A num'rous Train to ample Fulneſs fed,
And Hunger's keeneſt Edge, regal'd with broken Bread.

How

How ſinking *Peter* in Amazement ſtood,
Beneath the Surface of the yielding Flood,
Till rear'd by that Right Hand that came to ſave,
He walk'd in Triumph o'er the paſſive Wave.

O *Xerxes*! Ruler of a mighty Hoſt,
Of level'd Hills, and bridl'd Rivers boaſt,
And large Pontoons, outſtretch'd from Coaſt to Coaſt:
Yet which of all thy vaſt extenſive Train,
E'er trod the Billows of the rageing Main?

X.

O, Saviour! whither might thy Wonders done,
Still ſpringing from the Scripture Fountain, run?
How Hell, diſlodg'd, to filthy Creatures flies!
How Fig-tree, Curs'd, in fruitleſs Branches dies!
But, Oh! bright Hoſt, that Guard a brighter KING,
The Strokes of Mercy, not of Vengeance, ſing;
And Praiſe the Righteous SON, who 'roſe with healing Wing:

Whoſe

Whose wholsome Beams, with Sov'reign force diffus'd,
Bodies and Souls from Satan's Fetters loos'd:

Tell how the Healer, with unstudied Rules,
Untaught, unpractis'd in the Physick's Schools,
No compound Dose from Herbal Juices made,
The Panacea from himself display'd,
Rich virtual Streams of Health, and distant Cures convey'd.
How one commanding Word, Distempers kill'd,
High Fevers cool'd, and trembling Palsies still'd:
How wither'd Hands, to fleshy fulness rais'd,
In upstretch'd form the kind Physician prais'd:
How feeble Knees, to pliant bent restor'd,
The *God* of *Strength* on Altars Steps ador'd:
How Cripples ran, exulting from the Ground,
Like Mountain Harts, that o'er the Chaces bound:
How deafen'd Ears, from dulling Wax unseal'd,
Imbib'd the gracious Sounds of Truth reveal'd:

How loosen'd Tongues, from long confinement broke,
In Rapture Songs, and loudest Accents spoke?
How Eyes that roul'd in filmy Clouds of Night,
Surpriz'd with gleams of new discover'd Sight,
On Nature's Fabrick star'd, and prais'd the God of Light.

XI.

O *Celsus*, *Galen*, and ye Learned Train,
Who Pulses feel to search the Patient's Pain,
Consult the Journals of your Healing Art,
Did e'er your Touch a perfect Cure impart?
Cou'd *Radcliff* talk a Bloody Fountain dry?
Cou'd *Read* with *Ephata* unclose an Eye?
Cou'd *Garth*'s fine Sense, or *Bussier*, *Fern*, or *Green*,
Pronounce Bones straight, or speak a Leper clean?
Can *Blackmore*'s Word a foaming Madness tame,
Or thousand Words in Numbers Magick frame?
No ye bright Leaders of the Curing Tribe,
That wholsome Draughts in Characters prescribe,

Let

Let Goſpel-Cures in Light ſuperiour ſhine,
Penn'd by the Meaneſt of the Tuneful Line.

Or, if Preſumption, built on Learned Pains,
Some lurking Seeds of Disbelief retains,
Read, how a Breathleſs Corps, whoſe circling Blood,
Depriv'd of Heat, in dead Stagnation ſtood,
To Life recall'd by one Almighty Word,
In freſh ſupplies of Warmth, and Motion ſtirr'd,
Death's Iron Chain, and Tomb's deep Cavern broke,
Sprung from Corruption, and a Conqueſt ſpoke.

So Fun'ral Piles in Coals extinguiſh'd lie,
And hid in Duſt and Aſhes, ſeem to Die:
But if a quick'ning Blaſt the Embers blows,
Rekindled Heat in ſprightly Vigour glows.

XII.

Here, Reader, Stop! Prepare a Flood of Tears;
A Tragick Scene of Suff'ring Worth appears.

What

What Pen can draw the Agonies He bore,
When bloody Sweat diſtil'd from ev'ry Pore?
When Heav'n's Eternal Prieſt, with Loads oppreſs'd,
Internal Pangs by outward Sighs expreſs'd,
And God's embitter'd Cup of Sin and Wrath confeſs'd:
Who but a *Jew* with unrelenting Hate,
Can all the Horrors of the Day relate,
When Man's expiring Lord in Torture hung,
With Jav'lin pierc'd, with poinant Garland ſtung,
And ſharper Darts, the *Jews* reviling Tongue;
When thoſe kind Hands, whoſe Touch had Health beſtow'd,
Transfix'd with Nails, in Bloody guſhes flow'd?
O Stubborn Race! can God's choice Tribe deny,
The eaſy Tribute of a Weeping Eye,
To view a meritorious Lamb in Torment die?
Paſſive obedient to the ſharpeſt Teſt,
Yet ſtill with Love's forgiving Heart poſſeſt!

Tho'

Tho' Martyr'd to a ſervile Croſs, unbroke
With ſhameful Pain, and Death's ſevereſt Stroke;
Like *Abram*'s Offspring yielding to the Knife,
He reconcil'd the wide *Partition* Strife,
And gain'd the precious Gift of Everlaſting Life!

XIII.

But ſince the Pens of Flatt'ring Claſſicks tell
How Nature's Frame in ſtrong Convulſions fell,
When *Rome*'s firſt Founder, and th' Imperial Lord,
Each Murder'd, dropt by Senatorian Sword;
Tell, O' ye Angels, who in Spheres above,
By Orbs and Poles this mighty Engine move,
How, when the Founder of the World's wide ſpace,
(A Prince ſuperiour to the *Julian* Race)
In martyr'd Form reſign'd a willing Breath,
The Globe bore dreadful Witneſs to his Death:
How Nature ſympathiz'd in doleful Moans,
And veils of Temples broke in loudeſt Groans:

How the ſtrong Pillars of the Earthly Ball,
Trembled and falter'd at it's Maker's Fall:
How the true Pattern of the Suff'ring *Head*,
The Sun's bright Face which gloomy Shrou'd o'erſpread;
Eclips'd in Shades, behind the Curtain ſtood,
Aſham'd to ſee ſuch vaſt expence of Blood;
Or o'er its Beams a cloudy Mantle drew,
To frighten *Cæſar*, and conſound the *Jew*.

XIV.

If Senſeleſs Matter by Direction ſhod,
Such frighful Signals, when its *Maſter's* Head,
In precious Drops, the World's dear Ranſom, bled;
Whoſe cleanſing Blood, from World's Foundation ſpill'd,
In Typick Form a ſaving Health diſtill'd,
Quench'd Satan's fiery Darts, and Sins black Poiſon, kill'd.
Ye faithful Dames, who bath'd in Sorrow, ſtood
Mournful Attendants on the Martyr'd Blood,

Freſh

Freſh Streams of Tributary Tears beſtow,
And oily Sweets the Eaſtern Honours ſtrow,
T' embalm that Chriſt, whoſe Character before
Unction divine in Oil of Gladneſs bore:
Arabia's Gums, and *Saba*'s Odours run
To hail the wond'rous Birth, the riſing Sun;
As rich Perfumes in Burial order paid,
This ſetting Light in Death and Darkneſs laid.

So, where the Phœnix reigns in *Syria*'s Wood,
Sole Head and Offspring of the ſingle Brood,
The Self-reparing Bird, in Sweetneſs bred,
Begins and ends his Life in Spicy Bed.

XV.

Go, Faithleſs *Few*, inveſt the Rocky Grave,
Roll pond'rous Stones, and Seal the Guarded Cave:
Can He, who form'd the World's extenſive Ball,
Confin'd within his own Creation fall?

Can

Can Watchmens Eyes th' *Inviſible* reſtrain?
Can Bolts or Bars *Almightineſs* contain?
Can one cloſe Cell an *Omnipreſence* keep?
Or can the Lord of Life in Death's ſtill Regions ſleep?
No; ye bright Youths, in Robes of Light array'd,
That kept the Tomb where King of Angels laid;
Tell how the Chriſt, by innate Pow'r reviv'd,
Freſh reproduc'd, in fair Exiſtence liv'd;
From ſep'rate Realms return'd, where Spirits roam,
Waiting the grand Reſult of final Doom;
Unhurt by Death's corrupting State, the ſame
In vital Functions and ſubſtantial Frame;
No more another, than the Sun new-born,
That ſets in Shade, and Light reſumes at Morn.
The Patriarch Seers, the Prieſts and Prophets Line,
And Sons of Regal Grandeur ceaſe to ſhine;
Heathens and *Jews* in Death's dark Chambers kept
Vaſt Lengths of Time, in cold Apartments ſlept.

But

But *He*, whom God, in Three High States employ'd,
Surmounts the Grave, and Death by Death deſtroy'd.

XVI.

O King of Terrors! Whoſe Dominion ſpreads
From Youth to Age, from Swains to Royal Heads,
Of Sweeping Plagues, and Slaughter'd Armies boaſt,
Of Shipwreck'd Fleets i'th' Ocean's Boſom loſt;
Yet who, of all thy num'rous Captive Trains,
Repaſs'd the Gulph, and Life's bold Shore regains?
Platonicks Dream of hov'ring Ghoſts, that fly
Around the Tombs where Humane Bodies lie;
And Modern Heads, by Fear's illuſion led,
In fancied Shapes of Air, recall the Dead;
Egypt's Embalming Arts a Carcaſs keep,
And lumpiſh Clay in Oil, and Balſam ſteep;
Yet name the Man, whom Fleſh and Blood compoſe,
Whoſe Life, like Chriſt's, in perfect Subſtance 'roſe;

Perfect, but where the Side's imprinted Cleft
Full Proofs of Death and Reſurrection left;
Deep Marks to make a ſtagg'ring Faith encreaſe,
And vocal Wounds to beg the Father's Peace.

Re'ſtabliſh'd Domes, like new Creations riſe,
And *Paul's* huge Pile of Beauty fills the Eyes;
But Chriſt rebuilt Himſelf, a glorious Frame,
A Living Temple of Eternal Fame!

XVII.

O Eaſtern Cheat! whoſe Lead Comn hung
By Nature's Link, to Partner-Load Stone clung;
Attractive Force, and Steely Graſp may ſave
The Mortal Body from the common Grave:
But can'ſt thou Death's diſſolving Laws ſuſpend?
Can *Mecca's* Prophet to the World aſcend,
And Forty Days in vital Actions ſpend?

No;

No; the pale Monarch by Co-ercive Laws,
With ſtronger Vigour than a Magnet, draws,
And Antichriſt confines to Hell's devouring Jaws:
Whilſt Chriſt, returning to his Father-God
On fleecy Clouds, his own nice Texture trod,
And on the Wings of Light his Firſt-born Creature rode.

Ye bright Attendants of the Glorious Sight,
When Lord of Hoſts unbarr'd the Doors of Light,
Tell how the King of Glory upward flies,
(As warbling Lark aſpiring to the Skies)
To re-aſſume his rightful Regal State,
Held by a Tenure of Eternal Date,
And Interceſſor ſit at God's Imperial Seat.
Tell, how the Muſick of the Raviſh'd Spheres,
In Shaums, and Trumpets, and Seraphick Airs,
Proclaim'd the Mighty King's Triumphant Throne,
Whoſe Croſs ſtood Foot-ſtool to a glitt'ring Crown;

By

By Lowlineſs advanc'd, as mounting Balls
Rebound much higher by repeated Falls.

XVIII.

Hail, Lord, Supreme! To whoſe Imperial Sway
Angelick Bands ſubmiſſive Homage pay;
Much more may Kings, who, thy Vicegerents, live
In Earthly Pomp, and Beams of Pow'r derive
From Thee, the Fountain Head; Thy Kingdom own,
And bow, as Subjects, to a brighter Throne;
For Thou, enſhrin'd, in full encreaſe of Day,
Uphold'ſt a Scepter of Immortal Sway,
Above the Chance of Tumult, Conqueſt, or Decay:
A Realm in Lines of Peace and Order rang'd,
By civil Broils or States-mens Turns unchang'd.
The World, thy Handy-Work, may feeble grow,
And Marks of Age in fading Colours ſhow:
But Thou, Great Author of the whole Machine,
Freſh Youth of Empire keep'ſt in endleſs Scene,

Outſtretch'd

Outſtretch'd beyond the Sky's remoteſt Clime,
Lengthen'd beyond the waſting Glaſs of Time.

XIX.

O *Syrian*, *Perſic*, *Greek* and *Roman* State!
Like the fam'd Stone, By ſtrange revolving Fate,
Ye ſunk, ye fell; in Time's devouring Womb,
Both Realms and Monarchs Grandeur found a Tomb:
Nay, the conteſted Globe, where Rivals fought
For Lordly Sway, to Diſſolution brought,
Its own great Fun'ral Pile, will melting waſte,
Reduc'd to nothing, but an empty Space,
When Eauth's Foundation drops, at Time's exhauſted Race.
But *Chriſt*, a Monarch of a laſting Date,
Tho' He reſigns his Mediatorial State,
A Glorious Empire ſways without controul,
A Self-ſupporting ſame Eſſential Rule:
Enthron'd at God's Right Hand, the Seat of Might,
The Seat of Pleaſures and exceſſive Light,

Where Bliſsful Peace in Orbs of Glory rouls,
The native Roam of high-exalted Souls;
Where mine, O Lord, as yet encas'd in Clay,
Wou'd gladly Wing an high unwearied Way,
O'er the long boundleſs ſtretch of Everlaſting Day.
But hold, aſpiring Thought! The ſharpeſt Sight
Of Reaſon's Eye, or Fancy's boldeſt Flight
Out-dazel'd, ſtands amaz'd in vaſt exceſs of Light!

XX.

Yet, Oh! Bleſs'd Object of a ~~Sacred~~ Muſe,
Whoſe pre-exiſtent Word the World produc'd:
Who Came, Who Suffer'd! Dy'd! Who Roſe and Flew
From Earth to Sky, and Kingly Honours drew!
When Thou return'ſt in Judgments ſolemn Dread,
To Summon, Raiſe, and Change the Sleeping Dead;
My Soul, with Millions more Redeem'd, convey
To range the Stages of Eternal Day!

Thy

Thy *Hypoſtatick Union* there unfold,
In God's own Breaſt, thy Dwelling Place, enroll'd!
There ſpread the Tripple undivided Chain,
And *Trinity* in *Unity* explain!
There may I join in a more lofty Hymn,
Than this imperfect Draught, and loudly Sing,
My Saviour, Prophet, Prieſt! My God, and King!

XX.

FINIS.